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KITTEN INEXPERIENCE RESULTING IN A CAT--ASTROPHY.

—'Band of Mercy.'

Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D.

(Rev. Thomas C. Winn, A.M., in the 'Japan Evangelist.')

All who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Dr. Brown were unanimous in their high regard for him. Those who knew him intimately loved him. The accounts which appeared in many papers on both sides of the Pacific when his decease was announced bear testimony to the unusual affection which many in both hemispheres had for him.

What better eulogy could be desired than that which was pronounced by the spontaneous lament which arose at the death of Dr. Brown! This good man was born June 16, 1810. A few days later (June 29) the formation of the 'American Board, took place. The mother of the new-born infant was a woman of fervent piety and had long prayed for the lands of the earth which were still in ignorance of the gospel. Learning that organized efforts were to be made to send messengers of God to these nations, she rapturously took her babe in her arms, and then and there dedicated him to the work of a foreign missionary. Dr. Brown, whether as a boy informed of that dedication or not I do not know, has left on record this statement, which agrees with what the writer has frequently heard him say: 'Somehow I had always, from the time I was able to forecast the future, felt assured it was my destiny in life to acquire a liberal education, to study for the ministry of the gospel, and then to become a missionary to the heathen in some distant land. I contemplated no other course. I desired nothing else.' This decision on his part may have been the result of the influence over him of that mother, for of her he writes in unusual language: 'The memory of my mother has always cleaved to me as a power for good, stimulating to high endeavor and holding me to my work through life. If I have accomplished anything for the cause of God and man, I attribute it mainly to the mother who bore me, so far as human instrumentality is concerned. She who loved to steal a while away

'From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer,'

has always seemed to be holding me by the hand and bidding me go forward in the path of duty with her own courageous and cheerful spirit.'

But as is often the case with boys of noble aspiration, it was most difficult for young Brown to get a start in his most useful career. He 'must go to college,' but how to obtain the means necessary thereto he knew not. His father, a carpenter and house-painter, was too poor to render him any assistance. Indeed,' the son's labor along with his father's seemed needed for the humble maintenance of the family. His parents, determined to give their children the best advantages possible, had moved to Monson, Mass., where there was an excellent academy which fitted young men for college. After having finished that school, and being ready to enter college, young Brown was left behind by two or three successive classes, because he had no money to go any further with his education. All this time he talked for the first time with his mother about his future hopes, and received encouragement to try and go on to their highest fulfilment. His father, though desirous of seeing his son carry out his plans, discouraged him, as there seemed to be no way for him to do so. The son promised his father that if he would allow him to try, he would use his first earnings after graduation from college to pay off the mortgage on the little house occupied by the family. But the father thought that that would be a hard promise to keep; he would need all his earnings thereafter to pay his own debts incurred in getting through college! Thus hindered from pursuing his chosen course, he yet thought there was a more excellent way for him than to continue with his father at work as carpenter; so laying aside tools and paint-brush for part of the time, he taught school for two or three seasons. At the close of every such engagement he brought home and presented to his father every dollar of his earnings.

On returning from one of these places where he had been teaching school a glad surprise was awaiting him. A little while before his return his mother had devoted a day to prayer and fasting and spent it in the solitude of the forest. 'With Hannah's faith she made known her request to God. With strong crying and tears the devoted mother besought the Lord for her son, laid the whole case before him; told her poverty and the desire of her heart; and appealed to him whose is the silver and gold, for means to educate her only son, whom she had given to the Lord. Soon after, a letter came from an acquaintance whom she had not seen for many years, announcing that he had selected her son as one of the young men he desired to assist in their education!'

Having the way thus providentially opened before him, the young man went to college, having six and one-quarter cents in

his pocket on arriving at New Haven. When he graduated, he had paid most of his own expenses by teaching music, and had forty dollars in his possession. 'This only illustrates what was a matter of frequent comment among Dr. Brown's friends, viz., he was never in want of any good thing in after-life. 'If men did not provide for him, he looked to God, and was never disappointed.'

He was gifted with superior musical talent, as may be inferred from what is said above. He was always in demand at social gatherings because of his wonderful power of song. He also inherited something of his mother's poetical genius. After the death of his oldest sister he wrote a poem entitled, 'The Sister's Call,' for which he composed the music. Of this, an old friend says: 'Who that ever heard his fine voice in 'The Sister's Call' can ever forget the melody and pathos of that wonderful song! His very soul seemed to soar heavenward as, with uplifted eyes, and trembling tones, he sang:

'A voice from the spirit land,
A voice from the silent tomb,
Entreats with a sweet command,
Brother, come home.'

The tune 'Monson,' found in most hymn books of the present day, was written by Dr. Brown for his mother's hymn, 'I love to steal awhile away.'

After graduating from the theological seminary, Dr. Brown offered himself to the American Board to be sent to China. But the financial difficulties of the Board that year prevented it from sending him. While waiting for the way to China to open, he taught in the New York City Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. While in that position, where he proved himself very efficient, an invitation came to teach in the first Christian school in China, 'opened' by Christian merchants, Scotch, English and American, resident in China.' They founded the 'Morrison Education Society.' In this school, first at Macao and afterwards at Hong Kong, Dr. Brown taught for eight years. At the end of that time he returned to the United States on account of Mrs. Brown's ill health. These years spent in teaching Chinese youths were cheerfully given to that work in the belief that even in that time of the beginnings of missionary labor there, the results would justify the effort. Dr. Brown was always attractive to the young. To the end of life he had the heart of a young man, and his influence over young men was very great.

During his residence in China his house was one night attacked (as was supposed) by pirates. Hearing a disturbance he went to the door to ascertain its cause, when a sabre was thrust into his side. In some way the family were able to escape into the yard and conceal themselves. There they waited for day, while the wounded father grew faint from loss of blood and the wife was distracted, not knowing how dangerous the wound might be. Moreover, should the babe in her arms cry, their place of hiding would become known, and they would all perish. The pirates ransacked the house, taking what they fancied and mutilating the rest. The Lord, however, delivered them from falling into the hands of the murderous men. It was always difficult to get from Dr. Brown an account of the events of that awful night. He had no disposition to glory even in his infirmities. He was always a very modest, non-self-asserting man.

On returning from China he took three Chinese lads home with him to educate and train. Obliged to leave his field of missionary operations, he would even at home do something for that land. The success of the experiment was most gratifying. Those three boys became very useful and eminent men. One of them, Hon. Yung Wing, was for a time Chinese minister at Washington. It was he who induced his government to send young men to the United States to be educated and fitted to become public servants. Believing slanderous reports about the Educational Commission, of which Mr. Wing was the chief, the government gave it up. But now, as China lies defeated and chagrined, this loyal son, in the spirit of an humble Christian, has come over from the United States, where he resides, to give aid and advice to his government. He has gone to China 'to try and do some good.'

It would make too long a story to relate here in full the history of all of Dr. Brown's former pupils in China. But one incident deserves to be given a place in this brief sketch. A year before his final departure from Japan, Dr. Brown went as guest on a United States man-of-war to Hong Kong in search of health. He was there met by some of his pupils, who fitted up a house for his temporary occupancy, and provided him with every comfort, and delicacy that an invalid could desire. Moreover they presented him with valuable silver plate and a check for five hundred dollars in gold. Thus they tried to show him 'that all they had and were they owed to his early teaching and influence.'

During the twelve years which intervened between his leaving China and his coming to Japan, Dr. Brown's work was of a twofold nature, preaching and teaching. At 'Sand Beach,' on the west shore of Owasco Lake, near its outlet, he established a private academy, of which he was the principal, while doing duty also as a teacher in it. At the same time he was pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at that place. Here he labored with indomitable zeal, having these two enterprises to carry on, either of which would have been enough for one man. The church and parish were ardently attached to their pastor, and reluctantly gave their assent to his leaving them when, in the providence of God, he again felt the call of duty to go to a distant land. Being (I think) the very first to receive appointment as an American missionary to Japan, Dr. Brown thanked God as he was led again to leave his native land and enter an unknown and untried field.

He and Dr. Hepburn had been acquaintances and more or less associated as missionaries in China. Without any conference between them they were appointed pioneers of their respective Boards in Japan. The years spent in China had been a preparation for life in Japan. A knowledge of Chinese literature meant ability with very little labor to read Japanese also. The study of Chinese in former years now stood him in good stead. As far as my information goes, Dr. Brown never did a great deal of preaching in the Japanese language. One of his chief endeavors was to exert an influence over the young men of this land and lead them to devote their energies to the spread of the truth.

He was a born teacher, and hence he had no difficulty in gathering around him as many pupils as he could teach. To such young men he gave his best energies during the time he spent with them. From this work he would turn with equal delight, for the remainder of the day, to the other work that was accepted as his from the earlier years of his life in Japan, viz., the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Before his visit home in 1867-9, he had made a beginning in the translation of the Gospels, when fire destroyed his residence. His loved translations were the things he most prized and sought to save from the devouring flames. In the smoke and danger he was able to put his hand upon one copy only. Thus in an hour the results of many months and years of labors were destroyed.

Of the results of his training of youths in this land, it is not necessary to speak to any one who is at all familiar with the history of the 'Church of Christ in Japan.' His pupils have been and are to-day its leading spirits. Four or five of them are presidents of Christian educational institutions. These are all ordained ministers of the gospel. Besides these there are others in the regular work of the ministry. Some have been, or are, occupying high civil positions. I believe these men would agree in saying that one reason why they fill their present posts of honor was because they sat at Dr. Brown's feet to learn of him and imbibe his spirit. Under God, he was the instrumentality of leading them to become men of influence for good to their countrymen.

In the work of New Testament translation he was one of the three to whom the honor of that work principally belongs. Without in the least detracting from the high praise deserved by others, both Japanese and missionaries, the translation of the New Testament, with its excellencies and faults, must be assigned to Brown, Hepburn and Greene. Of this committee Dr. Brown was chairman, and his last act as member of that committee was to hand over his translation of Revelation to the others for their revision.

During the last few years Dr. Brown's work in Japan was accomplished while suffering greatly, much of the time from an acute disease. He bore this with fortitude, seeming only to lament what proved to be true, that he probably had but a short time to continue his efforts for Japan's welfare. He was so feeble that he could not take part in the preparations for the home-going after that was decided to be necessary. But to those who visited him during those days, his words were a real inspiration. He often expressed the wish that he were young again and had another life to live. If he had, he would be glad to give it for the evangelization of Japan. It was a sore trial to him to turn away from the land of his adoption and the people for whom he would fain do more than ever.

He left Japan, accompanied by his wife and daughter, in July, 1879. That winter was spent in Orange, N. J., but his health did not improve. In the following spring he removed to Albany, N. Y. During these months old friends flocked around him, delighting to do him honor. His Mission Board expressed to him special appreciation of his distinguished service.

According to promise, he started for New Haven to attend a reunion of his classmates and relate to them the story of his life. On the way, he visited Monson, the home of his youth—a place peculiarly dear to him. He went to the graves of his parents, and saw many old friends. As the night which followed that day of great happiness began to dawn toward the Sabbath, he suddenly and quietly 'entered in through the gates into the city' above. Thus 'the Lord gave his beloved sleep.' 'Seldom indeed can the story be told of a life so modest in its beginnings—nurtured by motherly faith and prayer—so useful in its course, and so peaceful in its end.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MUZZLING ORDER IS CANCELLED TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

—'Home Words.'

The Awakening.

(Annie L. Hannah in 'American Messenger.')

Miriam Roswell drew her little shawl closer around her shoulders with a slight shiver, and moved her chair nearer to the fire as a great blast of wind shook the farmhouse till it trembled again.

'It's going to be a wild night,' she said to herself. 'I wish——' But then she paused suddenly, while the red spots on her cheeks grew deeper, and the hand which lifted the half-knit mitten from the lamp-stand beside her trembled perceptibly, trembled with anger and surprise. That Roger should have spoken to her in such a manner was almost beyond believing! Why, if the canary in the cage had flown down and pecked her she would not have been more utterly astonished than at such words from her sweet-tempered, affectionate young brother! After all the care which she had bestowed upon him, too! And yet, now that she came to think it all quietly over, was there no truth or justice in his outburst? How handsome he had looked as he stood there before her, his eyes big and dark with indignation, his boyish face flushed with anger, while the hot words fell in quick succession from his trembling lips; for in spite of all that he could do he could not hide their trembling. He was tired, he told her, of being always found fault with; there was nothing he could do that ever gained a word of kind acknowledgment from her; nothing that seemed perfectly to suit her. Perhaps he was careless; he was willing to acknowledge that he might have remembered to brush the snow from his boots before coming into her clean kitchen; but he had forgotten; he had not meant to trouble her, and it had been because he was in such a hurry to——. But never mind that—he was tired of constant fault-finding! he would rather live with the pigs than always to be badgered for misplacing a paper or bringing a speck of dust into the house. He would not mind being spoken to about those things if she did not rub it in so! He had tried to do his best to please her, but she was not to be pleased; he had loved her, but as she could not love him—— And with that he turned abruptly and left the room, and after a few moments she heard him come down from his own room and go out; and since that time, almost an hour ago, she had scarcely moved in her chair where he had left her sitting as though turned to stone.

Not love him! not love him! Why, what else in the wide world did she love but just him! She loved him with all the strength of a deep, abiding affection, as why should she not when they two alone were left out of a large family, the eldest and youngest, to love one another. But how had she shown that love? She half raised herself in her chair as she summoned herself to answer before the bar of her own justice. Had she ever told him in so many words, even by her actions, what he was to her? how even to see him come whistling into the room sent a warm glow to her heart? No, never. And how was he to guess that it was her anxiety to see him grow up to all that was in him that made her love and solicitude take the form of fault-finding and peevish complaint? It worried her beyond words to explain when he began to make excuses to go into the village of an evening, and she felt hurt that he was not utterly content with her society as she with his. Ah, yes, she had loved him! but her love had been selfish. She had looked for that from him which she had never shown to him. And even in such little matters as his tastes she had not yielded much. Why, it was only that very day that he had begged her to make him some cookies, of which he was particularly fond, and she had fretfully responded that she had planned doughnuts and he must content himself with them. What harm would it have done to please him even if she had 'planned?' Were her plans those of the Medes and the Persians, that they could not be changed? And, suppose that she had encouraged his inviting friends up to the farm now and then to supper, or to pass an evening, might not that have done instead of those frequent visits to the village which were such a terror to her? It seemed as though a veil had been suddenly torn from her eyes, and she understood that she had been looking for a perfect being, and was disappointed when she found only a careless, affectionate, honorable human boy, whom she had loved passionately while resenting the fact that he was only human.

Well, her eyes were opened now, and her heart gave a great throb of joy at the thought of the real luxury that it would be to allow herself to pet him, even. She had always had a vague impression that a boy was a being easily spoiled by kindness, but she had learned that to this boy, at least, the opposite was the danger. Why should she not make those cookies for which he had begged? It would help pass the time till he returned; and though no one had ever heard of such a thing as making cookies after supper—why, no one had ever heard of doing (her doing) several wild things which had suddenly taken form in her mind, such as making Roger's room so pretty and comfortable that he would love to stay in it and bring his friends to see it. Well, she would get those cookies made. How glad she was that the oven had kept hot! So she got up with the lightest heart which she had carried for many a day, and brought flour, butter and eggs from the storeroom, and had soon a great pile of the dainty little cakes heaped up on a platter ready for him. She was frightened, when she took time to notice it, to see how the snow was banking up against the window-panes, and her heart beat quick when she saw the lateness of the hour. But he would be home soon; surely he would be home very soon now. To make the time pass more quickly she would just run up and glance about his room to see what was needed there So catching up the lamp she hurried up the

winding stairs, shivering as the cold air struck her. How dreary it looked, and how bare of every comfort! She would have some curtains, and she would buy him some books; and she would have a little stove put up so that he could sit there if he wished. She recalled now seeing him come down blowing his fingers after he had been up there for half an hour, but he had never complained. Then he must have a new table-cover. How the snow was drifting! and the wind rising every moment! She wished that he would come! Yes, he must have a new cover! And in setting down the lamp on the table to examine the old one her eyes fell upon a note directed to herself. A sudden cold fear struck her heart like an icy hand, and with trembling fingers she lifted and opened it; read the few words, then gave a great cry and fell forward on the floor.

Too late! Her awakening had come too late! Roger had gone! gone, perhaps never to return! He was only a trouble to her, the note said; he felt that she would be happier without him, and so he had gone away. She must not try to find or follow him, she would not succeed if she did. He had loved her dearly (here was a large blot on the paper), but as she could not love him he had better go. He asked her to forgive him for having annoyed her; he was sorry he had wet her clean floor, it was careless of him to forget. He had fed all the animals, and would send a boy to take his place on the farm. And then he said 'Good bye,' and told her that he had kissed the paper at her name. And that was all.

Gone! gone! gone! Too late to show him how she loved him! too late to keep his young footsteps from straying into forbidden ways! too late! too late!

'Roger! Roger! Roger!' she cried, and then fell forward and in falling—woke.

Yes, she had been asleep, and it was not too late! there was yet time, thank God! to show her boy the sincerity of her love in a new form. She glanced up at the clock and saw with amusement that she could not have been asleep ten minutes, and that there was yet time to make the cookies before Roger returnd. He would not be late, she knew that well. He was too sweet and chivalrous a nature to think of taking revenge. He would come back before bedtime and go quietly to his cold, dreary room with no anger in his heart, only an aching pain. At least that is what he would have done had not her awakening come. There would be no pain in Roger's heart that night, she told herself with a glad little laugh. She moved quickly; and with dexterous fingers soon tossed her dough together and filled the great shallow pans, which slid, one after another into the oven's yawning mouth; and long before a quick light step on the porch fell upon her ear a great platter stood heaped up on the snowy table, just as she had seen it in her dream.

The color deepened in her thin cheeks, and her heart gave a sudden throb as the boy's hand touched the latch, and the tears started to her eyes as she noted how carfully he cleaned his boots, rubbing them over and over again to make sure that no trace of snow remained upon them. Then he lifted the latch quietly, fearing, she knew, that she might be asleep in her room opening from the kitchen, which was living-room as well, and came in. He did not see her at first and was in the act of lifting the lamp to carry with him to his room when his eyes fell upon the great platter of cookies, and he stood still as though rooted to the spot, his great gray eyes opening wide in astonishment. And then he could not see her, for, coming up quickly behind him and laying her hand on his shoulder, she half whispered, 'Will you forgive your cross old sister, Roger? and dear, you may bring in tons of snow if you want to, if you will only—'

But she never finished. Like a flash the boy wheeled about on his heel and both his strong young arms were about her in an instant.

'Why, Merry,' he cried (and her heart leaped to hear his baby name for her once more), 'why, Merry! it is I who should ask you to forgive me! I have been so ashamed of myself! I hadn't any business to fly out at you, but I was in such a hurry to tell you that I had found our old gray hen, that I forgot about my boots. And to think that you should have made my cookies! Well, you are a dear! Shall we kiss and make up, Merry?'

He was not prepared for what followed; he could not understand why she should lay her head upon his shoulder and cry like a little child. But he did his boyish best to soothe and comfort her and presently ended by placing her in her easy-chair and offering her one of her own cookies. At which she laughed, and said that she thought she would make herself a cup of tea to drink with it. But he would not allow her to move, declaring that it was a pity if he could not make a cup of tea. And so sitting there she watched him, busy in his funny awkward way, about his unaccustomed task. And when he had served her with the very questionable beverage—but sweeter to her than nectar—he brought some milk for himself from the storeroom, and a plate of her cookies, and seating himself on a low stool at her feet, told her all the news that he had gleaned in the village, not one word of which she heard, as she looked back into the bright young face, thinking regretfully, and with bitter self-reproach, of the days when she might have been happy—when he might have been happy, but for her.

But she knew that this was wrong, and her mind went back to some words which she had once read, with gratitude to know that she was not the only one in the world who had a Past that she wished undone.

'Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine.'

Yes, the present at least was hers. And so she thanked God and took courage; and leaning down kissed the boy again; then rising went to her room and to her knees.

What Was Left Out.

The fifty boarding scholars in Miss Hinman's school for young ladies were quite surprised one morning by being informed that on account of a case of diphtheria among the teachers they were all to be sent home for an indefinite period. Some of them were glad at the prospect before them, however they may have regretted its cause.

Others were sorry to have an interruption in their studies. A few had come from a long distance and found it inconvenient to arrange so suddenly for a return. Among these was Catherine Dwight. Her home was three hundred miles away, and her parents were travelling in Europe.

She was discussing with her roommate the question of how to arrange for this precipitate flight when Mrs. Montgomery's card was handed her. This lady was an old friend of her mother, and had lately come to reside in a village about five miles from the town in which the school was situated. Catherine was naturally ready to welcome some one qualified to advise her in the unexpected situation.

'Bad news travels fast, my dear,' said Mrs. Montgomery, as Catherine entered the parlor. 'I have been very sorry to learn this morning of your perplexity, and have come with my carriage to take you at once to my own home. I know your mother well enough to be sure that this is what she would advise under the circumstances. So if you will let me do just as she would herself, I will help you pack your clothes and then take you away with me. I have already seen the principal, who says that this will be a relief to her, as she has to help so many girls to make their arrangements.'

Mrs. Montgomery was a woman of action, and with her assistance Catherine speedily collected her belongings. In the course of an hour the drive was begun.

'Last week,' said this friend in need, 'I really grieved because, my spare room not being in order, I was unable to invite you for Saturday and Sunday. Now I am glad that all your impressions this morning will be new ones, and I hope that they may be very pleasant. Perhaps you may not have heard that my father, Mr. Gleason, is living with us. He is very fond of young society and I think that you and he will have fine times together.'

Arrived at their destination, the young girl was shown at once to a most charming apartment which was to be hers during her stay.

Before the day had passed she already felt quite at home, not only with her cordial hostess, but also with the gray haired father, who showed a most kindly interest in the youthful visitor. Mr. Montgomery too, when he came home from business at supper time, extended a hearty welcome. These three comprised the family.

In the evening Mr. Gleason questioned Catherine with regard to her studies. She talked about them readily and intelligently, for she was very fond of her books, and had made creditable progress as a scholar.

'So you seem to be specially interested in languages and literature besides having a good outline training in other departments. I should think your course an excellent one.'

This remark Mr. Gleason made after listening attentively to Catherine's account of herself. 'Yet it seems to me that you may be leaving out the most important thing, after all. Let me tell you a story. Old gentlemen are fond of story-telling, you know.

'When I was a lad I was very anxious one spring to have a garden. My father had a small plot of land which he cultivated though it was very small, for our home was in a city where land was valuable. However, after learning what my desire was he gave me a portion of the space in which to have a garden of my own. He also supplied me with seeds of the vegetables which I wished to raise.

'I had watched him so carefully as he was at work that I understood quite well how to prepare this ground. This I did with great ardor, spending the whole of one Saturday in labor. He asked at supper time "My son, is your garden made?" and I answered, "Yes," thinking that I was telling the truth. In the evening one of my uncles called with a hurried request that I should spend the night at his home, as he was needed at the bedside of a sick brother, and my aunt wished me for company. Of course I did as I was asked, and the result was that I did not enter my father's house again for a week. Various distractions occurred during that time, and my garden was entirely forgotten.

'After returning to my home I went quite often to look whether the seeds were coming up, but though I watched and waited I saw no growth but that of weeds. This

seemed rather strange, but still I did not lose hope.

'One morning when I went to the breakfast table I found at my plate several packages of seeds, and upon examination was astonished to find that they were the very ones which my father had given me. They were easily recognized by certain marks which I myself had made upon the papers.

'"Why how is this?" I exclaimed, "they are not even opened."

'"I found them a few moments ago in the tool closet." This was all that my father said, but I knew by the twinkle of his eye that he was highly amused at my gardening.

'"So that is why the ground looks so bare," said I. "It must be that I forgot to put in the seeds."

'"Quite a serious omission," responded my father. That was all. There was no further rebuke. I had a very late garden that spring, though it was fairly good, after it was once started.

'My dear young lady, do you know why I have told you this story? I am afraid that your life may resemble my brown, fruitless garden.

'You are spending your strength in preparing the ground and doing that part of the work well. Yet so far as I can ascertain you are leaving out the one thing that can make it really attractive and useful.

'What are you doing to gain a knowledge of Jesus Christ? What time do you give to prayer and to the study of the Bible? According to your own account every moment is otherwise occupied.

'Do not leave the most important thing out of your life. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Ask earnestly for a hope in Christ. That and nothing else can fit you for the highest usefulness, can make you a real blessing to others.—Mary Joanna Porter in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Ned Seldon's Story.

Uncle George had been out to Dakota visiting an old college friend who was settled there. He found him in such poor circumstances that he left all the money he had with him excepting enough to buy his railway ticket, and when he got home he said, 'See here, youngsters, you must save your pennies to buy books and clothes for the bright little fellows I have seen, who have hardly enough to eat.'

And then he told us about Edgar and William Nelson in the little two-roomed house where he had been visiting. He said, 'They have no overcoats nor even jackets, nothing but waists and knickerbockers made out of cast off clothing. When they went out to play their mother gave one of them the cape belonging to her waterproof and the other one her shawl to keep them from the cold March winds. Their caps are wonderful productions of her skill and economy. In all the cold weather they could neither attend school nor church because they could not be kept from freezing.'

We did not wait for him to tell any more, but said, 'Hold on, Uncle George, when Mr. Nelson's boys must stay from school and church because they have no warm clothes, and must play at home in their mother's wraps, it is time for us to set our wits at work.'

We are farmer's boys and our father is not at all rich, so it was not an easy matter to do much, but three stout, healthy boys might, we thought, do something, and we did. Jim coaxed father for a piece of ground and he planted a melon patch. I asked him to sow a double quantity of peas. He asked me who would pick them. I told him that I would, and then he asked me if I remembered any boy who complained of back ache last summer when picking peas I did remember that I had but said, 'I'll stand it, father.'

He laughed and asked, 'Are you sure?' Henry planted sweet corn in hopes to raise from that his share of money for Edgar and William Nelson.

Our sisters, Alice and Amy, became interested, and wanted to know what they could do.

Uncle George said, 'I do not know unless you pick strawbrries for Mr. Harrison.'

They cried out, 'Oh, that is just what we will do,' and then we three boys said we would pick berries, too. We did it, five of us. We picked every forenoon for two weeks, and the neighbors said, 'Mr. Seldon must be hard up. He has all his children out picking berries.'

The other children had to help me to pick my peas. Father said 'I never saw pea vines load as these do,' and Uncle George said, 'That is because they are missionary vines.'

The peas brought a good price, too, and I realized more money from them than I had hoped for.

Henry began to think that his venture would not amount to much, for when it was time for the ears of corn to set, the weather grew very dry, and he watched the sky and the clouds, predicted and questioned. At length he went to his mother really troubled, and she told him to pray for rain. He told the rest of us what she had said, and we had a prayer-meeting in the barn. We prayed aloud for rain, beginning at the oldest and so down to little Amy. She repeated 'Our Father,' and then added, 'Give us some rain, dear God, so that Henry can sell lots of corn to get money to give to the missionary boys, for Jesus' sake, Amen.'

Poor little girl! she used to get so tired picking berries that one and another of us helped her to fill her basket. She was so brave and patient that we all liked to encourage her, and many a kiss did we put upon the little heated face. We did not think that she would help us much, but she did, and she had as much faith as any of us. The day after our prayer meeting, when it began to rain, she said, 'There, hear it rain. I knew God would hear children's prayers just tho same as He does big folkeses.'

'Yes, He does, Amy,' said Jim, 'and if my melons are likely to dry up, we will have the prayer meeting all over again.'

'I would have to change only one word of my prayer. I can just say melons where I said corn. I have thought that all out already,' she said.

'I'll tell you what we might do,' said Henry. 'We might pray every day that the corn and the melons will both turn out well.'

He looked very consequential as he stood with his thumbs thrust behind the front of his suspenders, as the hired men often stood when debating a question. He is only eleven, but he has never shown a disposition to shirk since we began to earn missionary money. His corn turned out finely, and he has gone alone and peddled it out, driving just as good bargains as he could. He did not like to fall behind what I made off my peas, and he did not fall much behind it. If he did not sell quite all he took away, mother bought what he had left and dried it. Not an ear was wasted, and when the last one was sold and the money counted he tied it up in his last winter's mitten and gave it to mother until we should see how Jim's melons turned out.

Jim grew very anxious and daily calculated which melons would ripen, and which would not clear the frost. At last he began to pick and sell them. They sold well, and he was led to believe that he would realize more money from his harvest than either Henry or I did, but when he had almost reached us a frost came on and the vines were injured. He almost cried with disappointment, but mother, seeing his trouble, said, 'Sell the green melons for mangoes, Jimmy, my boy.'

'Will they sell?' he asked, wiping a suspicious moisture from his eyes with the back of his hand.

'Of course they will. I will take a dozen myself.'

This cheered him, and he picked all the green cantelopes which were the right size, and then went around among the neighbors to see if they would take any for mangoes. He sold most of them, but the neighbors were thoroughly curious to know what had waked up the young Seldons so. Whether father was running back, or getting to be miserly and grasping? It had been the subject of a good many remarks when Mr. Williams said to father, 'What will your children be at next? They have been as busy as bees all summer.'

Father smiled as he said, 'Yes, my little folks got stirred up about home missions after George came back from the west, and they have left no stone unturned to make a little money. I said a little, but it is more than a little which they have contrived to get. They counted it up the other evening, and thirty-five dollars was the amount of their savings. Yesterday their uncle sent it to his friend in Dakota.'

'Whew,' said Mr. Williams, 'I wish that I had known about it. I would have set my boys upon the same track.'—Lydia L. Rouse in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

St. Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.
All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess.
The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth.

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes,
The action of the nobler will.
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.
The mighty pyramids of stone,
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and bettter known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies;
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes;
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.
Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain.

—Longfellow.

The Mount St. Bernard Dogs.

(By 'The Editor,' in 'Days of Days.')

Noble fellows, brave and true! How many a precious life has been rescued by the Mount St. Bernard dogs!

A gallant dog, whose name was 'Barry,' was the means of saving no fewer than forty lives. An English lad who was rescued by him tells his story thus:—

He had been warned by his parents not to go far from the chalet (a wooden cottage), on the lower part of the Alpine Mountain, which is named St. Bernard, in which they were living; but one day, 'wishing to reach some very high peak and look down at the world through the clouds,' he disobeyed, and set off to climb as high as

he could. He climbed, alas! too high; and then, tired, alone, and hungry, the snow began to fall. It covered the ground and hid the path, and the track of his feet, and he saw that return was hopeless; and yet to remain all night was to be frozen to death!

'I called out,' he said, 'but no one replied. I felt so pained by the thought of my disobedience. At last, quite exhausted, I sank down in the snow and cried bitter tears, which almost froze on my cheeks, I sobbed out a prayer to God: I begged Him to forgive my disobedience, and for my poor parents' sake not let me die on the mountain. My mind seemed to grow quite confused, and I either fell asleep or fainted.'

Now was the time for brave 'Barry' to become God's messenger of help. 'The first thing which I remember,' he continues, 'when I awoke, was the feeling of warm breath on my cheek. I started and cried out with terror, for I thought it might be some wild animal. But it was a true friend—a noble St. Bernard dog, which had found its way through the snow, guided, doubtless, by its power of scent, or rather by a kind Providence, to my side.

'I soon found I had nothing to fear. He licked me, breathed on me, rubbed me with his rough hairy coat, tried to rouse me to motion, and showed me a little can of drink tied round his neck. At last I reached the can with my stiff, trembling fingers, and refreshed by the contents I felt the life coming back to my limbs. I could not walk, but I dragged myself on to the dog's shaggy back. With his heavy burden he bravely struggled through the snow; and soon I found myself sheltered, fed, and warmed, and placed in a comfortable bed. Never shall I forget my joy when I again heard the sound of a human voice, and saw the bright glow of a fire.'

When 'Barry's' useful career was ended, his body was carefully buried; and his skin, stuffed to look like life, was placed in the Museum of Berne.

He who 'runs' may 'read' the lesson of my story. Never disobey parents! Be a helper of the helpless! And for the sake of brave old 'Barry,' honor the noble dog, and be kind to all 'God's creatures.'

A Good Confession.

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of Heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind
Like the bright winds of Summer that gladden the sea.

There was naught in God's world half so dark or so vile
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul:
There was naught half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

For years I have borne about hell in my breast;
When I thought of my God it was nothing but gloom;
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be,
Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word has gone forth, and said, 'Let there be light,'
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart.
One look from my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy and fell on my knees,
And confessed while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;
'Twas labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord who died,
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps o'er the dark bounding tide,
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail to the dear precious blood
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me.
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,
And God have His glory and sinners go free.

—F. W. Faber.

It is a sad fact that many a native Christian in India gets his first taste of intoxicating wine at the Communion table, and that by using the wine of commerce in the Communion, a good reason is given to the heathen for saying that it is a part of Christianity to drink wine. There is no excuse for this when the pure juice of the grape can be so easily obtained.

In Case of Drowning.

If you raise your arms suddenly you will notice that at the same instant you involuntarily draw in your breath. Raising the arms enlarges the cavity of the chest, and the air is bound to rush in and fill the vacuum. This process of producing artificial respiration becomes important in case of drowning. A story in the London 'Christian Herald' narrates the method of restoring a drowned child just rescued from the water:

'Graydon, take off your coat and give it to me,' said Madge imperatively, as she laid the child down on its back; 'your handkerchief also,' she added.

She forced open the pale lips and wiped out the mouth with marvellous celerity, paying no heed to the clamorous voices around her.—

"Some one give me a sharp knife,' she cried, 'and don't crowd so near.'

Lifting the child's clothing at the throat, she cut it downward to the waist, then down each arm, leaving the little form exposed and free. Dropping the knife, she next rolled the coat into a bundle, and turned the child over so that her abdomen should rest upon it; then, with hands pressed rather strongly on each side of the little back, Madge sought to expel the water that had been swallowed. Turning the child over on her back again, the bundle made by the coat was placed under the small of her back, so as to raise the chest. Then, catching the little tongue that had awakened merry echoes but a few moments before, she drew it out of the mouth to one side by the aid of the handkerchief, and said to Graydon, 'Hold it so.'

All now saw that they were witnessing skilled efforts. Discordant advice ceased, and they looked on with breathless interest. 'Has any one smelling-salts?' Madge asked. There was no response. She snatched a bit of grass and tickled the child's nose, saying at the same time, 'Bring water.' This, after a few seconds, she dashed over the face and exposed chest, waited an instant, then gave her patient a slap over the pit of the stomach.

These first simple efforts having no apparent effect, Madge said quietly, 'We must try artificial respiration. Move a little to one side, Graydon.'

Kneeling behind the child, she lifted the little arms quickly but steadily up, over, and down, until they lay upon the ground behind the wet golden curls. This motion drew the ribs up, expanded the chest, and permitted air to enter in. After two or three seconds Madge reversed the motion and pressed the arms firmly against the chest to expel the air. This alternate motion was kept up regularly at about the rate of sixteen times a minute, until the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and the crowd parted for Dr. Sommers. He took in the situation with his quick eye, and said, 'Miss Alden, let me take your place.' 'Oh, thank God you are here!' she exclaimed. 'Let me hold the tongue; I must do something.' 'Yes, Mr. Muir,' added the physician, 'let her help me; she knows just what to do. How long was the child under water?' 'I don't know exactly, not long.' 'Not more than four or five minutes?' 'I think not.' 'We must save her,' cried Madge. 'I once saw people work over an hour before there were signs of life.' 'Oh, God bless your brave heart!' murmured the poor mother. 'You won't leave my child—you won't let them give her up, will you?' 'No, Mrs. Wilder, not for an hour or two. I believe that your little girl will be saved.'

Graydon knelt near, while the doctor kept up his monotonous efforts, pressing the arms against the lungs, then lifting them above the head and back to the ground, with regular and mechanical iteration. The child's eyelids began to tremble. 'Ah!' exclaimed the doctor; a moment later there was a slight choking cough, and a glad cry went up from the throng.

Madge now gave up the case to him and Graydon, and slipped down beside the mother, who was swaying from side to side.

'Don't faint,' she cried; 'your child will need you soon, as she is conscious.' 'Oh, heaven bless you!—heaven bless you!' cried the mother; 'you have saved my darling.' 'Yes, madam, you are right. It's all plain sailing now,' the doctor added.

Then Madge became guilty of her first useless act. She fainted away.—'The Safeguard.

How We Got Our Church Bell.

(The Rev. George S. Tyack, B.A., author of 'A Book about Bells.')

In the belfry at Grosslaswitz, in North Germany, hangs a bell, engraved on which is a six-eared stalk of corn, and the date October 15, 1729; 'whereby hangs a tale.' A century and a half since the villagers of Grosslaswitz were dissatisfied with their bell; it was small, and weak in tone, and only those who dwelt close about the church could hear its call to worship. But how to acquire a new bell was a question hard to answer. The village had no wealthy inhabitant or neighbor, and the sum total of all the peasants' 'mites' came only to a small amount. But Gottfried Hayn, the schoolmaster, was a thoughtful man, who carried his eyes in his head, and knew that two and two make four, as a schoolmaster should.

One Sunday, as he was coming back from church, where, no doubt, some of his neighbors had arrived late, owing to the feeble summons of that pitiable bell, his eyes fell on a green shoot of corn springing up in the churchyard, from a seed dropped, no doubt, by some passing bird. This was a common sight, and to most people would have suggested nothing at all. But our Gottfried could see beyond the end of his nose, and to folk endued with this unusual power, things sometimes take strange shapes; and Gootfried saw that that single stalk could bear within its ripening head a large church bell!

Carefully he watched it grow into a six-eared blade of corn, which in due time ripened into a strong golden stalk bearing its load of seeds. These seeds he gathered and planted in his own little plot of garden; and no farmer ever so rejoiced over the promise of his smiling acres as did our Gottfried over his tiny harvest. Again and again he planted all that the good Lord sent him in the increase of the grain, until his garden was far too small to hold it all. Now, therefore, he imparted his little plan to the farmers of the village, and they devoted a portion of their land to the growing of the wonderful crop. And at last, after only eight years of patient waiting and watching, the fruit of the six-eared shoot of corn was valuable enough to purchase the bell.

Whereby we learn many things, not the least among them being the usefulness of seeing at least a little beyond the end of one's nose.—'Home Words.'

General Gordon's Fear.

The Bishop of Tasmania, in one of his recent sermons, told a story which brings out the character of a man whom all the world learned to respect—for a wonder—before he died. The Bishop—so says the 'Sunday Magazine'—was indebted for the story to a clergyman who had spent some years in Gaza, Palestine.

One night this clergyman was coming home late, and in the dusk of the evening, when objects were not very distinct, he saw what looked like a man kneeling on the ground by the side of his horse. The place was not a safe one. Arabs might easily surprise the kneeling traveller.

'I must go and warn that man,' thought the clergyman. 'It will never do to let him remain there. He does not know that he may get into trouble.'

As he came nearer, to put his resolution into practice, he was stopped by words that evidently were not addressed to himself. A moment's listening convinced him it was the voice of prayer to which he listened.

'Oh, my God, take me away out of myself, lest I fall; make me to look unto thee, that I may humble myself and be like thee,' said the voice of the kneeling man.

The clergyman hesitated to interrupt the stranger's devotions, but he could not persuade himself to leave him in danger. After waiting for a time he approached, saying, as he did so, 'Sir, I beg your pardon, but you are in danger here.'

The man rose, and the clergyman's surprise was great when he found himself standing face to face with General Gordon.

'What are you doing out here in this dangerous place?' he asked, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

'This morning I received a telegram from England, asking me to undertake a mission which I had longed to undertake all my life,' replied the general. 'It filled me with such elation that I felt I might get into trouble through pride, and I thought I would just get upon my horse and go away by myself to humble myself before God.'

It was thus that the noble heart of Gordon met one of the great trials of character—the honor of being chosen to lead in an important enterprise.

'I believe,' said the bishop, 'that the mission of which he spoke was the one in which he was employed when death met him.'—'Silver Link.'

The Voice.

'Write!' said the Voice, 'all the truths of thy vision,
That which is coming, and that which hath been;'
'Nay,' said the seer, 'the meaning is hidden;
How shall sense fathom what spirit hath seen?'
'The spirit gives life, and the letter destroys;
Silence were sinful;—write!' said the Voice.

'Speak!' said the Voice, 'if the word hath come to thee,
Go thou to Nineveh, utter thy cry;'
'Nay,' said the prophet, 'the message were fruitless;
Who will regard such a babbler as I?'
'He who hath called thee his chosen employs,
Silence were fatal;—speak!' said the Voice.

'Sing!' said the Voice, 'if the harmonies in thee
Leap to thy lips and thrill on thy lyre;'
'Nay,' said the singer, 'twere needless presuming.
What is one strain in the many-voiced choir?'
'If it be given thee, venture no choice,
Silence were thankless;—sing!' said the Voice.

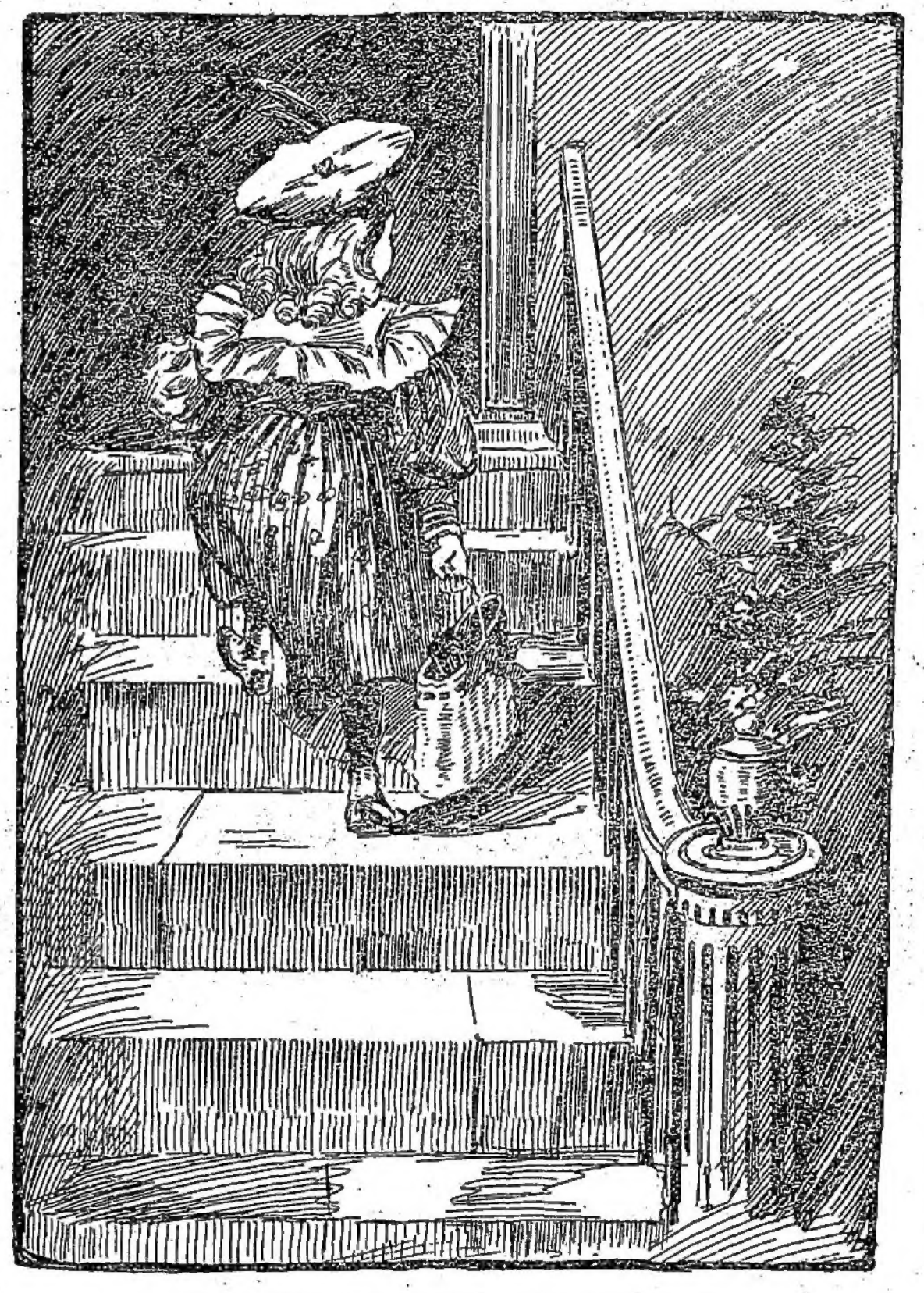
'Shine!' said the Voice, 'let the light that is burning
Buried within thee, illumine the way.'
'Nay,' said the Christian, 'the light is uncertain,
What if it lead my weak brother astray?'
'Herald the dawning, and earth shall rejoice,
Darkness is danger;—shine!' said the Voice.

List to the voice that comes echoed from Eden,
Whispering soft, or in thunderous roll.
Say it not 'Nay' in thy proud self-distrusting,
Welcome the message that awakens thy soul.
What if brief failure thy triumph alloys?
Faithful thy service,—'Well done!' saith the Voice.

—J. K. Lombard in 'C.E. World.'

The Call of the Bell.

Listen, children, soon you'll hear
Bells a-ringing, far and near.
This is what I think they'll say:
'School begins again to-day.
Welcome! little boys and girls,
Black eyes, blue eyes, caps and curls;
Bring your pencils, books and slates,



THE KINDERGARTEN OPENS TO-DAY.

Learn the tables, bound the states,
Sing and read and write and spell,
Study every lesson well.
You can play when I am dumb,
For winter holidays will come."

—Anna M. Pratt in 'Youth's Companion.'

Androclus and the Lion.

In Rome there was once a poor slave whose name was Androclus. His master was a cruel man, and so unkind to him that at last Androclus ran away.

He hid himself in a wild wood for many days; but there was no food to be found, and he grew so weak and sick that he thought he should die. So one day he crept into a cave and lay down, and soon he was fast asleep.

After a while a great noise woke him up. A lion had come into the cave, and was roaring loudly. Androclus was very much afraid, for he felt sure that the beast would kill him. Soon, however, he saw that the lion was not angry, but that he limped as though his foot hurt him.

Then Androclus grew so bold that he took hold of the lion's lame paw to see what was the matter. The lion stood quite still, and rubbed his head against the man's shoulder. He seemed to say:

'I know that you will help me.'

Androclus lifted the paw from the ground, and saw that it was a long, sharp thorn which hurt the lion so much. He took the end of the thorn in his fingers, then gave a strong, quick pull and out it came. The lion was full of joy. He jumped about like a dog, and licked the hands and feet of his new friend.

Androclus was not at all afraid after this; and when night came, he and the lion lay down side by side.

For a long time, the lion brought food to Androclus every day; and the two became such good friends, that Androclus found his new life a very happy one.

One day some soldiers who were passing through the wood found Androclus in the cave. They knew who he was, and so took him back to Rome. It was the law at that time that every slave who ran away was shut up for a while without and a time was set for the fight.

When the day came, thousands of people crowded to see the sport. They went to such places at that time very much as people now-a-days go to see a circus show or a game of football.

The door opened, and poor Androclus was brought in. He was almost dead with fear, for the roaring of the lion could already be heard. He looked up, and saw that there was no pity in the thousands of faces around him.

Then the hungry lion rushed in. With a single bound he reached the poor slave. Androclus gave a great cry, not of fear, but of gladness. Here was his old friend, the lion of the cave.

The people, who had expected to see the man killed by the lion, were filled with wonder. They saw Androclus put his arms around the lion's neck; they saw the lion lie down at his feet, and lick them lovingly; they saw the great beast rub his head against the slave's face as though he wanted to be petted. They could not understand what it all meant.

After a while they asked Androclus to tell them about it. So he stood up before them, and, with his arm around the lion's neck, told how he and the beast had lived together in the cave.

'I am a man,' he said; 'but no man has ever befriended me. This poor lion alone has been kind to me: and we love each other as brothers.'

The people were not so bad that they could be cruel to the poor slave now. 'Live and be free!' they cried. 'Live and be free!'

Others cried, 'Let the lion go free

too! Give both of them their liberty!'

And so Androclus was set free, and the lion was given to him for his own. And they lived together in Rome for many years.—'The Picture World.'

Lo Ta, the Tientsin Waif.

(C. M. Cushman in 'Silver Link.')

A Chinaman stood with his little daughter at the city gate of Tientsin crying, 'One small girl for sale. How many pieces of silver will you give?'

The surging crowd rushed in and out, too busy to heed the wicked father or the pitiful child. But God was watching over the little waif and he sent along Mr. Li, a Christian man, with the Christ love in his heart, who said, 'I cannot buy her, but leave her with me and I will give you three pieces of silver.'

The greedy father took the silver eagerly, and the Christian led the child away. Being a bachelor, he took her to his sister and said, 'Good morning, big sister; I bring thee a small wife for thy son.'

'This is indeed a lucky day,' said the woman, well pleased to secure a daughter-in-law so easily. But if she is to be the wife of my son, she cannot be running here and there, with big feet like a boy's. They must be bound neat and genteel, according to the custom.'

So she bought long bandages of a pedlar, and bound the small feet, drawing the cruel cloth closer and tighter day by day, until the feet were so sore and crippled that it was almost impossible for the poor child to stand. Then she beat her for going slowly on errands, and when tired of beating her, took to wringing her flesh!

Mr. Li found this out through the neighbors and was much troubled, but where could he put her?

Now I should say that a few years before this, some of 'the Lord's purse-bearers' in the far-off Christian lands had sent money to Peking, saying, 'Take our gifts, put up buildings, gather in "his little ones," shelter and train them for the Master, and we will support them.' Mr. Li heard of this school and brought little Lo Ta, as he called her, begging us to take her in. She was gladly welcomed. The bandages were removed from her feet, which gradually regained natural form. The child proved to have a kind heart and willing hands, and quickly won our love. In case of sickness it was many times Rhoda (as she was now called) who rendered the services which some of the others were often loath to give. She was an independent little maid, and often shocked the more proper girls by the irreverent way in which she discussed her cruel mother-in-law.

'It is not etiquette,' 'It is not the custom,' 'You should never speak of your mother-in-law,' said some of the 'older sisters.'

'I care not! I care not! If I had ten mothers-in-law, I'd talk about them,' was the fearless reply.

As Rhoda came to know of the love of Jesus, she gave her young heart to Him and joined the church. One day there came a box of hair ornaments and jewellery, and a letter from her mother-in-law, saying, 'You must now learn to comb your hair neatly and according to the custom, and prepare yourself for marriage very soon.'

Of course she must obey, so she set to work on her trousseau, and the older girls formed 'sewing bees' to help her. Soon the simple garments were completed, and packed in two small trunks.

We gathered in the twilight hours of that last Tuesday for our weekly prayer-meeting. Rhoda's sad face told of the ache in her heart, and her black eyes were by no means the only ones that glistened with tears. As she talked with God in a trembling voice, we caught glimpses of the thoughts in her heart. 'Oh, heaven's Lord,' she prayed, 'go with me to my own new home, and help me there to give a good example. Help me to love to read thy Holy Book, and to understand it, and help me to be thy true disciple.'

I escorted Rhoda down the river, seventy-five miles, in a little house-boat, making the trip in four days.

In the evening after our arrival at Tientsin it was by no means the eager lover who hastened to greet his bride; it was the venerable Mr. Li, the kind man who had given the father the three pieces of silver at the city gate.

I was rejoiced at his evident surprise and delight at seeing the pretty girl who had taken the place of the little waif he brought to the Peking school a few years before. She looked up at him shyly at first, but soon nestled close to him and put her hand lovingly in his, which seemed to please him very much.

Early the next morning Rhoda was arrayed for her bridal. Her robe was royal purple, below which the blue satin slippers contrasted beautifully, with stockings starched as white as snow, while the bright flowers and gorgeous hair ornaments stood out in grand array around the coal black hair.

Just before Rhoda was led up to the sedan we kneeled together and besought our Father's blessing.

In the chapel Rhoda was conducted to the altar. Meanwhile other friends led in the groom, a fine-looking fellow dressed in maroon and blue satin.

They kneeled together upon the red rugs which had been placed before the altar, promises given, and they were made husband and wife, joined by Christian bonds; a hymn of praise was sung, and with the blessing of the true God besought for them, they arose and went forth to the new life.

When I went up to Rhoda to wish her great joy, she cried as if she were a widow instead of a bride, and clung to my hand so passionately that I went with her to Mr. Li's. By and-by her husband came in and I was glad to note that his first words to Rhoda were spoken very kindly, 'Don't cry,' he said. She gave him a shy look, clung a little closer to my hand, but made no reply.

Now, according to Chinese custom, a bride must always have the hair pulled out from her forehead, but when Rhoda came to bid me good-bye in the morning I found she had refused to have this done. Someone had begun the operation, but she would not allow them to complete it. I argued gently, in vain, and finally exerted my old-time authority over the independent little bride.

'Rhoda,' I said, 'this must be done. You have to ride four hundred miles with your husband. He is a minister of the Gospel; if your hair is not out, no Chinese will believe you are married. Would that be right?'

At length she consented to the heathenish operation, at which her friends greatly rejoiced.

With sobs and tears she said her final good-bye and went out from us to help make one more Christian home in the heart of that great heathen empire, cherishing in her own heart the earnest purpose to be a true helpmeet to her husband and to give to his flock an example of all that is good and true and Christ-like.

I thanked God for the Christian at the city gate that morning; I also thanked him for the Christ love in the far away land that prompted to the gifts of money that saved Rhoda and trained her for Christ.

LESSON XI—SEPTEMBER 10.

Encouraging the Builders.

Haggai II., 1-9. Memory verses 4, 5. Read the Book of Haggai and Isaiah lx.

Golden Text.

'Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work, for I am with you.'—Hag. II., 4.

Home Readings.

M. Haggai 1. God's call to build.
T. Haggai 2: 1-9. Encouraging the Builders.
W. Ezra 5: 1-5. The call obeyed.
Th. Ezra 5: 6-17. Opposition.
F. Ezra 6: 1-12. Enemies defeated.
S. Ezra 6: 13-22. The Temple completed.
Su. 2 Chron. 5: 11-14. God's glory.

Lesson Story.

Supt.—1. In the seventh month, in the one and twentieth day of the month, came the word of the Lord by the prophet Hag'ga-i, saying,

School.—2. Speak now to Ze-rub'ba-bel the son of She-al'ti-el, governor of Ju'dah, and to Josh'u-a the son of Jos'e-dech, the high priest, and to the residue of the people, saying,

3. Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory? and how do ye see it now? is it not in your eyes in comparison of it as nothing?

4. Yet now be strong, O Ze-rub'ba-bel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Josh'u-a, son of Jos'e-dech, the high priest; and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts:

5. According to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of E'gypt, so my spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not.

6. For thus saith the Lord of hosts; Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land;

7. And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts.

8. The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts.

9. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.

Suggestions.

Fifteen years after the setting up of the altar and the laying of the foundations of the Temple, two messengers from God appeared on the scene, the prophets Haggai and Zechariah.

When the enemies of the Jews worried them into leaving off building the Temple, they began to beautify and improve their own houses, and settled down to labor for their own prosperity. Too easily discouraged from the work of the Lord, the returned exiles would almost have forgotten that they needed a Temple and a complete service of worship of Jehovah, had they not been sent messengers from Jehovah to encourage them to build. They were living in sight of the ruins of the Temple but had grown so accustomed to the depressing sight of its desolations that it had lost its first pathos for them. Their crops were not doing well nor their business prospering but they understood not that this was God's judgment on their neglect of him.

The Lord Jehovah sent his servant Haggai, B.C. 520, to his people with a message to begin again immediately to build the Temple. Haggai, probably an old man, having seen the magnificent temple of Solomon's building, and having mourned for years over the desolations of the destruction of that Temple, suddenly appeared before the governor and the chief priest asking why the people said it was not time to build the Lord's house, and yet were beautifying and dwelling in their own houses, (Hag. I., 1-8). He encouraged them by telling that the Lord of Hosts was with them. Then Jehovah himself stirred up the spirit of Zerubbabel the governor, and Joshua the high priest, and all the rest of the people to begin to build again the Temple of the Lord.

The seventh month was called Tisri, and corresponded to our October. In this month the feast of Tabernacles was held, the great national Thanksgiving week. 'This house,' the Temple, is spoken of always as though it were one house, though destroyed and rebuilt several times.

Haggai admits that the present condition of the temple is in no way glorious. He asks who among the people remembered the glorious beauty of the Temple before its distruction, B. C. 586. Those who remembered the former glories could not but mourn over the present state of affairs, but Haggai brought to them a glorious message of divine comfort. 'The latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former,' the promise of Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts.

'Be strong, for I am with you' was the Lord's promise, his covenant had not failed, his Spirit still abode with his people, they had nothing to fear.

God shakes the nations and the whole firmament when it is necessary for the fulfilment of his purposes. The wars among different people often prepare the way for the furtherance of the spread of the gospel. Every nation has in it, however hidden, deep soul-stirring yearnings for the Messiah, every human heart is formed for God, and can never rest until it finds him. Nations are in seas of unrest and commotion because they know nothing of resting in God. Those who rest in God are safe no matter how their surroundings may be shaken.

The Bible Class.

Go Forward.—Ex. xiv., 13-16, 29-31: I. Chron. xxii., 11-13: II. Chron. xx., 20-22: Isa. lv., 12, 13: Josh. I., 7-9: Rom. xiv., 19: Phil. III., 12-14. Encouragement—I. Sam. xxx., 6: Deut. III., 28: Acts xxviii., 15: Psa. xxvii., 14; xxxi., 24.

C. E Topic.

Sept. 10. An early Christian Endeavorer. 2 Tim. 3: 10-17. (A union meeting with the Junior society.)

Junior C. E.

Sept. 10. An early, Christian Endeavorer. 2. Tim. 3: 10-17. (A union meeting with the Young People's Society.)

A Gentle Call.

Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Sunday-school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent 'experience' or marked change in the manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with God, in prayer for the conversion of their children long after that change has really taken place, while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in His service. It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, 'That was a beautiful life.' After a little thought, she added, 'and I should like to live such a life.' A few minutes later she kneeled down and said, 'Lord, I will try from this time.' The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

On gaining and holding attention, the 'Bible Student' says: 'Attention should be gained and held by making the lesson more attractive than anything else. The younger pupils best comprehend it in the form of a connected story or familiar illustration, and the teacher should take advantage of this trait. Christ always adapted His teaching to the capacity of those whom He taught. He did this largely by use of the parable or allegory. The facts of nature and observation are always at hand to furnish a never failing fund from which the wied-awake teacher may draw at will. Thus he may make nature what it should be—a handmaid of inspiration.'

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIV.—COST OF THE TOBACCO HABIT.

1. Q.—Is the habit of using tobacco very costly?

A.—At first it is not; but the appetite increases more and more; until its gratification sometimes costs a man hundreds of dollars a year.

2. Q.—How much money is spent in the United States for tobacco each year?

A.—It has been estimated at about six hundred millions of dollars.

3. Q.—How much money would each child have every year, if this amount should be divided among the children of the United States?

A.—About fifteen dollars for each boy and girl every year.

4. Q.—What is the expense of smoking three five-cent cigars a day, for ten years?

A.—The cost, including principal and interest, would be $745.74.

5. Q.—What is the expense for twenty-five years?

A.—Including principal and interest, $3,110.74.

6. Q.—How many acres of land at $1.25 an acre will this buy?

A.—2,488 acres, or nearly four sections of government land.

7. Q.—Give another example of the expense of this habit of smoking?

A.—By an estimate it is found that the habitual smoker who spends fifteen cents a day on cigars will, from the age of eighteen to sixty-eight, expend a sum that, compounding the interest at seven percent, would amount to $20,000 (twenty thousand dollars).

8. Q.—Was tobacco at any time legal currency in this country?

A.—Yes, it was the standard value by which all contracts, salaries, and prices were paid. It is a recorded fact that in 1602 one hundred and sixty young women were bought as wives and paid for in tobacco.

9. Q.—How much tobacco was paid for each of these young women?

A.—For each of the first hundred, 120 pounds were paid, worth about ninety dollars.

For each of the remaining sixty, 150 pounds were paid, worth about one hundred and twelve dollars and a half.

10. How else was tobacco used as money?

A.—The salary of ministers was payable according to the wealth of the parish.

11. Q.—Why is tobacco a dear luxury?

A.—It burns a hole in the pocket, and a man never knows how much leaks out of it, though he is pretty sure of not having much left.

9. Q.—What did the noted President Wayland say?

A.—'The American Board, an institution of world wide benevolence, does not receive, annually, as much as it expended for cigars in the single City of New York.'

10. Q.—If the whole world left off the use of rum and tobacco what would be the effect?

A.—To every house some lost one would be restored, and comfort and happiness reign instead of want and misery. The country would be like a land flowing with milk and honey, and the millenium would seem near.

11. Q.—Is it possible for this to happen?

A.—Yes, if all the children in the country will join in bringing it about. They have only to abstain from using rum and tobacco. When the old drunkards, and feeble, nervous users of tobacco die off, the land will be peopled with a clean, wholsesome race of men and women.

12. Q.—What is said of the waste of money spent for tobacco?

A.—'Millions of money have been turned to smoke, and capital that might have been invested in noble industries has been used to weaken and demoralize men, unfitting them for the highest activities, and preparing them often for the most ruinous excesses.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?'—Isa. lv., 2.

Only !

Only a drink of cider,
Only a glass of beer,
And some one's boy has started
On in a down career.
Is there no danger signal?
Is there no hand to save
Somebody's boy from going
Down to a drunkard's grave?

Only a New Year's party,
Only a glass of wine
Passed by a pretty maiden
Where the young people dine;
Yet one young man was tempted
And broke his pledge that day,
And the saloon enticed him
Still farther on to stray.

Only a ragged drunkard
Tottering on the street,
A wretched home, where children
At sight of him retreat.
A weary wife, heart-broken,
Who vainly tries to save—
Only a drunkard's death-bed,
Only a drunkard's grave!

Only? Ah,—stop and ponder!
I have not told the whole;
What of the wasted lifetime?
What of the ruined soul?
Ye who are just beginning
To tread this road, beware!
'Tis said of the Heavenly City,
'No drunkard shall enter there.'

—'Child's Paper.'

The Duxhurst Colony.

The Industrial Farm Colony at Duxhurst was founded by Lady Henry Somerset in 1895, and consists of a village with neat cottages, a hospital, a church, lawns, gardens, and a large tract of land for cultivation.

The inmates live very much in the fresh air, are occupied in gardening, lawn-mowing, fruit-picking, in the tomato house, at the forcing frames, at the looms, or in the laundry; and they are expected to remain for one year—the shortest period in which a permanent cure may be hoped for.

It is gratifying to read that of all the wandering ones whose feet were guided to Duxhurst the half have been restored to womanhood, usefulness, happiness. And this percentage is obtained even when we reckon the insane, the dying, those unfit for treatment, and those who did not stay the full twelve months.

The chaplain says that he is possessed of irrefragable evidence that the Farm Colony has proved, under God, a most potent and successful means of reclaiming many a poor soul lost in the appalling wilderness of intemperance. A former inmate, now doing well, writes, 'May the dear Lord give you the extreme happiness of knowing that many women who have spent twelve months under your sweet, ennobling influence, stand as pillars in the cause of Temperance, to fall no more for ever. There are failures, but let even one, poor me, be an encouragement, who was plucked as a brand from the burning.'

It is pathetic to learn how women help each other, speak of the Home, and advise their friends to place themselves under its roof. One girl who had passed satisfactorily through the course, and had entered the service of a lady secretly addicted to drinking, conveyed her mistress to Duxhurst at her own expense, and confidently gave her into the Sister's charge. In the Birds' Nest young children belonging to the inmates of the Home are accommodated, and provision is made for receiving children from the slums and giving them a holiday in the country. A child, sitting at the doorstep enjoying her supper, remarked, 'Do you see that sky, sister? I often looks at it like this when I'm at 'ome, just when its getting dark, and I allus cries; it makes me fink of being 'ere an' mikes me want ter be good.' The same child wrote from London: 'Every night when I goes to bed I thinks of having a lovely bath.'

A hardened little wretch had been the leader of his gang in London, had helped to murder a policeman, and had watched outside Newgate to see the black flag 'go up for his ecusin,' jeered at prayers, and swore when his frock-coat was taken from him. When he was tucked into bed and kissed good-night, he smuggled down among the clothes and muttered to himself—'Lor', aint this somefink marvealious!' Before his holiday was over he was found sobbing as if his heart would break because the fortnight was coming to an end.

The Colony is in want of funds. Hundreds of applicants are being refused for want of room. The sum of £350 will build a cottage, and £10 will furnish an apartment. There is a debt of £2,000, and Lady Henry Somerset, Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, wants to secure one thousand annual subscribers of one guinea each.

Advantage will be taken of the Inebriates Act, and some of the buildings will be licensed forthwith, so that the good work at Duxhurst will be materially helped by the Government.—'Irish League Journal.'

Correspondence

Stoddartville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm and papa is working in the hay field. I have one little baby brother; his name is Louis. I hope to see this in the Correspondence column. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year and a half, and I like it very much. Mamma has taken the 'Witness' for five years. I read the 'Children's Corner,' and like it very much.

AGENORA S. (aged 10).

Rockford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I want to write and tell you what a nice paper I think the 'Messenger' is. We have taken it almost all the time since it was first printed, so I ought to know something about it. I think it is the best and cheapest paper printed. I like the 'Witness' very well too. I like to read 'Boys and Girls' pages. I liked Ezra S. Laird's letter very much. Once I got up a club for the 'Northern Messenger,' and got as a premium a very nice book, called 'Reprinted Stories of the "Northern Messenger."' This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I hope all the young people will write.

W. L. K.

Estevan.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and get the paper. We live in town near a lake; we have had six weeks' holidays. But school is going to start in two weeks. I have four sisters, Annie, and Lottie, and Violet, and Pearl Irene, and I have four brothers; and their names are Johnnie and James, and Albert and Archie. We have two little birds. I belong to the English church I belong to the Auxiliary. I have three collies. I have a nephew here working at the mines. My father runs the largest mine in Coal Fields so far. Our clergyman's name is Mr. Kerry; my sister Pearl Irene, is going to get confirmed soon. We have a horse named Button. We have some plants; flowers are plentiful here.

LILLIE (aged 10).

Estevan.

Dear Editor,—I live in town. I belong to the English church. I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger,' and I am very fond of reading the 'Messenger.' School is going to start again, and I am very glad. I belong to the English Church Auxiliary, and a playmate of mine, Ethel Perry, is secretary of the Auxiliary, and I am president of the Auxiliary. There are five or six of the girls and boys of the English church who are going to be confirmed, and myself also. I have four sisters and four brothers. I have a nephew twenty-one years old, and he calls me old aunt Pearl. I had a trip to San Francisco, last winter, to see my sister Violet, who had just come out from Dawson City; but she has gone in again to her gold mines. But she will soon be coming out again, and intends to make her home in San Francisco. I can ride horseback and also the bike. I have a sister, Lottie, living in Sand Coulee, and also a brother Johnnie in Klondike. I am piecing a quilt. I caught a black bird the other day. I am very fond of the girls and boys in Estevan that I play with; I am glad school is going to start so we will be together again. Lila Yardley, and I sit together in school. I can run the sewing machine well. Ethel Perry, and I have to pack an Auxiliary box for the missionary children. PEARL IRENE (aged 12.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I am greatly interested in your paper. I am spending my holidays at my Auntie's now. She takes the 'Messenger,' and 'Witness' both. I have two sisters, and one brother. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I am in the high second reader. I like going to school very much, my teacher's name is Miss Phoenix. I like her very much. My little sister goes to the kindergarten, and likes it very much, her teacher's name is Miss Wilcox.

MATTIE R. (aged 10).

Burlington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many of your numerous little friends writing such interesting letters, I thought I would try and write one too. I most heartily join with 'Grace H.' congratulating our good Editor and friend. I believe he must love children. I am in the fourth reader at school. I like composition and literature best. I am a great lover of nature and books; especially the latter. I have read a great many books. Among others, some of my favorites are: Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, 'Arabian Nights,' 'Ben-Hur' 'Milton's' poems, especially 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained,' 'Bunyan's' 'Pilgrim's Progress' and Bunyan's 'Holy War.' 'Last days of Pompeii,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Mona's choice,' 'The Three Castaways,' 'Barrie's Burned Away,' 'Near to Nature's Heart' 'The Coral Reef,' 'No Lie Thrives.' The last is a book we have had for thirty-two years. I have also read all of the 'Elsie,' 'Bessie' and 'Mildred' books, and some of the 'Pansy' books, also some of 'Spurgeon's' sermons. 'Wordsworth' is my favorite poet. I love all of his poems, especially the one,—'We are seven.' We take several papers viz. Montreal 'Witness,' 'Weekly Magnet,' 'Pleasant Hours,' 'The Sunbeam,' and best of all the 'Northern Messenger.' Well, dear Editor pardon me, but I have writiten quite a long letter, so I must close.

NETTIE, (aged 13.)

Sonya, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school, but it is holidays now. I am in the third book. I have one sister, and five brothers We have a pet cat, we call her Topsey; we have a dog also, we call him Sailor. I can play on the organ. We had a crow but he died.

I will close and leave room for some one else. JANET Mc M. (aged 9).

Baraquet.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I like the 'Messenger.' My grandma sent me the 'Messenger' for New Year. I would like to see this letter in print. I have one sister, her name is Maud and one little brother, Sib; he is sick to-day, poor little fellow. We have some rabbits, a dog, and three canaries. JAMES F. (aged 8).

Lakefield.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Lakefield, and thought I would write you one. We have three horses, two white cats, and one grey cat, one dog named Sport. I have harness for him, and he drives me around. I have lots of fun with him. I attend the Lakefield school this summer, but we have our vacation now, there are four teachers in the school, one is my auntie Miss Duff. J. WELLIE (aged 8).

Clayton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I am in the Fourth Reader at school. My teacher's name is Miss Cavers, and I like her very much. I go to Sunday-school. I have three pets, two dogs, Prince and Skip, and a little kitten. Prince is a large, white and black dog. Skip is a brown and white spaniel. Our horse's name is Duchess. She is very quiet, and I am learning to drive her. I am very fond of reading. We take a great many papers, but I like the 'Messenger' the best. MAMIE L. (aged 10).

BENMILLER, ONT.

Dear Editor,—I did not see any letters from Benmiller, so I thought I would write one. It is very nice weather here now, but it is very cold in the winter. I have only one pet, and that is a cat; his name is Tom; we have had him for nearly four years, we think a lot of him. We live on another man's farm; my father is a laboring man, we have a nice Sunday-school; Mr. Henry Fisher is superintendent. W. M.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Dangerous Habit.

The danger of resorting to drugs for every trifling ailment has been forcibly brought before the public mind, by the death of a young woman, a few days ago, from taking a neadache powder. The effect of her death, it is hoped, will lead to some stringent measure being taken to prevent the sale of many dangerous compounds, protected by patents, which are sold to any one credulous enough to believe in their all-curing virtues.

Many of the medicines which obtain a ready sale have for a basis cocaine, morphia, opium, and all kinds of aniline preparations, which, whether quick or slow, are deadly in their work, and judging from the immense sale of some of these medicines, a continual danger threatens the public. One compound widely advertised as a specific for brain troubles, as well as nervous weakness, contains so large a proportion of cocaine that in many cases its users have, before being conscious of it, become the victims of a habit almost impossible to renounce. A large number of Keeley patients, it is stated on reliable authority, formed the cocaine habit from the use of this same compound, and yet it is highly recommended by prominent public men and women.

In the matter of taking drugs, women are perhaps the greatest offenders. There is a certain class who, on the most trifling occasions, take medicines which they would be much better without. To ward off insomnia they take all kinds of tablets, to break up the threatened cold, they take medicines more injurious to their systems, perhaps, than the cold would be. Not content with dosing themselves, they also extend their ministrations to their family circle, and many little children are lulled to sleep by sleeping potions, which, were their mothers aware, of the dangerous ingredients they contain, they would never allow them to be tasted. If one must take medicine, it is much better to do so under the wise direction of a family physician, especially if one is going to wander in the realm of the unknown. There are many old-fashioned remedies, which are efficacious, and which may be used with satisfaction, but when it comes to accepting every medicine as good that is advertised as such, and, although ignorant of its properties, taking it with reckless faith, it is time to call a halt. Nine times out of ten, it is best to dispense with drugs, and then when some real necessity for their use arises, the effect given is much better than if there had been a continual poisoning of the system by medicines which were not needed. Nature, if given a chance, will oftentimes work her own cures, without the aid of nostrums, using only the pleasanter specifics of rest, sleep, fresh air, and good diet, and she is usually a wise physician.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

House Cleaning and Heart Cleaning.

(By Helen Stirling, in 'The Westminster.')

Mrs. Kemp had been busy all day. House-cleaning had come with all its disorder, discomfort and weariness. She had been busy in the attic among the ghosts, and had come down to see that all was comfortable below stairs for the tea. As she entered the kitchen Tom, her twelve year old, came racing in.

'Mother, can you fix my ball for me? Father says I may go down to the park to play to-night. It won't take you long—won't you, mother?'

'I'm afraid I can't to-night—I really must finish the attic to-night,' began his mother, but suddenly stopped.

'Never mind the attic,' she said presently, 'bring me your ball, we'll find time to fix it somehow,' so seating herself as she was, she took in hand the ravelling plaything and patiently set herself to the repairing of it. It was not an easy, nor short task, but Tom hovered near, chattering like a magpie, telling her all the news of school and of the playground. As she finished it and handed it to him his reward was a wild hurrah, a hasty kiss, and a sudden departure.

The attic was not finished that night. That evening as she entered the library and threw herself on the couch her husband said:

'Been house-cleaning, little woman, and tired out?'

'Yes, father,' she said, 'house-cleaning, and it's sad, sorry work. I've been in the attic to-day, it's full of sadness, it's almost a grave-yard to me. You remember the cradle we got for Tom, and how happy we were as we laid him in it and looked forward to his babyhood, his boyhood, and his manhood. Then how sweet little Elsie looked in it as she claimed it hers. Both my babies are gone—only the cradle is left and a few sweet memories, when there might have been so many. But I was so busy tucking and frilling and fussing over the house and their clothes that I had no time for them.'

'Then I came across Elsie's doll-carriage, and a half-finished rug for it. I remember how she pleaded with me to help her make it, but I thought I hadn't time, and she grew discouraged and it's unfinished. Tom's scrap-book, too, came out on me from some corner and reminded me of his cry. "Come, mother, and paste with me;" but I hadn't time. I was too busy either scouring or baking or sewing—or something else not as good—and now he never asks me to join him in his work or play, and Elsie scarcely ever consults me.

'I think you are tired to-night, and a little hard on yourself,' said Mr. Kemp, 'you've always done a great deal for the children.'

'Yes, that's just it. I've done all for them and nothing with them, and that is just where I've failed. I've lived in my world never taking them into it, and never entering theirs, and now we are apart. My life has been so full of other things that I've had no room for them. So to-day I've been heart-cleaning as well as house-cleaning and I've material for two fine bonfires. First from my house shall go all that is not essential to beauty and comfort, which takes time to care for—and from my heart shall go all that is not necessary for the beauty and strength of my life and the lives of those about me.'

'I hope you've not catalogued me for the bonfires,' said Mr. Kemp.

'You're laughing at me, I know, but I am in earnest. And, Frank, I do want you to spend more of your time with the children. We won't have them so long.'

Tom and Elsie soon heard of the two bonfires and rejoiced in them, secretly slipping in some material of their own. They soon found many things in the world of their parents delightful, and also found that their best hours were those when their fun was shared by all in the home circle.

Selected Recipes.

Soup Stock.—Soup is a wholesome and economical dish; but in order to get the best results it is necessary to know how to extract from a certain quantity of meat and bone the strongest stock. The bones, which contain a large amount of gelatine, should be cracked or broken into small pieces, thus securing more gelatine than by putting them in whole. If bones are left from a roast, break them up also and put them in, as it gives a rich flavor. Meats and bones for soup should always be put in cold water. It will be well to let the water containing the meat stand for an hour before it comes to a boil, letting it simmer slowly until it reaches the boiling point. The longer it stands in cold water the more the albumen, which is the richest part of the meat, will be brought out. When it comes to a boil, cover the pot, letting it boil four or five hours, removing the scum as fast as it accumulates. If more water is needed always use it boiling hot.

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